**consort**

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# consort

by YouAreMyDesign

Summary

"Beautiful boy," Hannibal rumbles, "with oceans for eyes. I think I will keep you."

The ropes are bound tightly around Will's wrists, stopping him from jerking free and fleeing back down the mountain, away from the horse he's bound to, that plods along ahead and forces him to stumble behind. He is flanked by heavily armored men, two on either side, each with broadswords and spears and giant shields made of iron, that have been polished to such a shine that they reflect the sunlight as a mirror, and hurt his eyes.

The ropes tighten around his wrists as the horse continues, unhurried but also unstoppable, and along they go. Up, up, up the winding path of rough-hewn stone, past trees that have been crushed and trampled by wind and creature both. Past the arch marking the entrance to the holy ground, and further still where the path is in even worse shape, and Will's guards must walk before and behind him, for they cannot walk abreast.

Finally, they reach the altar, and call everyone to a halt. It is Will's father who rides the horse – it must be, only a parent can make such a sacrifice to the gods of this land – and his eyes are steely with sorrow, like mourning the already-dead. Will understands.

It's just luck of the draw, and his luck ran out.

His father unties his hands and rubs sweet-smelling oil on the abrasions, causing Will's jaw and eyes to tighten, but he does not make a sound. Their god does not eat the flesh of weak men, and if he finds Will weak, he will be very angry, and might strike upon their tribe in retribution.

"What kind of god," Will had asked when he was young, "would eat those who pay him homage?"

"The kind our enemies are very afraid of," his mother had said, the same day she drew the red lottery card, and was taken away to this very altar. "The kind that keeps us safe."

His father takes him by the cheeks, and kisses his forehead, before guards come forward and strip Will of what little clothing he had on him, by the time came to be taken up here. He shivers, for the ocean below them is churning at the base of the cliffs, swirling like one great, blinking eye, eager to see the show. The altar stands on a single ledge, built into the rock, and Will and his father climb down the steps to it.

The guardians hand chains down to Will's father, and he lays upon the altar, and closes his eyes, tipping his head back so he can see the ocean, his feet to the mountain, the angle slight so that, when he is inevitably killed, all his blood will drip down and sate the thirst of the ever-moving sea.

Manacles bind his ankles to the safe edge of the altar, and are embedded in the cliff, so they cannot be kicked free, loosened, or negotiated with. Will is trembling in the cold, every part of him pale and shivering as he lays atop the stone altar, and he is surely so white amidst the red rock, which has been stained by all those who came before him.

His father finishes, and there are tears in his eyes now, as he pats, once, over Will's heart.

"It will only hurt for a moment," he says. Will knows – a great roar, a single scream, and then it's all over.

He swallows, and wants to say something that will reassure, but there are no reassurances for the dead to the living, and he's already dead.

His father climbs back to the top of the cliff, and another guardian gives him a gold-plated horn, which possesses, when played right, the volume to be heard even at the ocean's depths. It is how they praise their god, and tell him they have a meal waiting.

Will closes his eyes, and presses his lips together when he hears the single note blare out, so loud and long it silences everything but the waves, and he opens his eyes again, tips his head back further, for no one has seen their god and lived to tell of it, and he wishes to, if only to see a great, gaping mouth, before he sees nothing else.

He hears the note end, though it echoes around the cliffs and in the calls of the gulls, and hears his father turn and leave with the guardians, hears the snort of the horse and the clanking march of armored men fading away. He hears it, until he can hear nothing but the roar of blood in his ears and the soft hiss of the ocean licking at the cliffs.

The whirlpool at the bottom of the cliffs opens its eye, and Will gasps.

From the center rises a single head, the form of a great beast that Will would call a dragon, if it did not dwell in water. The head alone dwarfs Will, and then comes two giant clawed feet, gripping the cliffs as the monster lifts its head further, bobbing on the end of a long, serpentine neck. Two more heads rise, each of them with eyes glowing – one, eyes of gold, a second, red. The center one, purple, the color of royalty. Power, riches, and wrath; for that is what his tribe worships.

The center head flicks out a large, thick tongue, and the rest of the monster rises. It is not scaly, though the patterns on its body suggest scales – not like a fish, but like a snake, buttery and smooth-looking to the touch.

Unbidden, Will lifts his hands above his head, reaching.

The red-eyed head has a wreath around it, like the mane of a lion, though the coils twist and move as though with lives of their own. The golden-eyed head is angular and sharp like that of a spear. The purple-eyed one, almost feline, and when it rises from the water with a final great heave, Will hears a rumble of anticipation.

He gazes, in awe, as the center head turns so it can look upon Will – there is no iris, just the shine of life and power in its eye, and Will reaches out, aching, seeking, and shivers when his hands flatten along the creature's muzzle. Every head has powerful teeth, so long they jut above and below the thick line of its lips.

The golden head purrs, and curls over him, staring at him from above. Its mouth does not move, but Will cries out, for he hears the voice of his god;

"Hello, little one," it purrs, and behind it echo two other voices; *Hello, hello*. Will's fingers curl around the creature's center jaw, and finds the flesh so soft it is almost velveteen, and yet has no give for the strength of a mortal like him. He could not possibly harm this creature, even if he wanted to.

Will does not know if their god speaks to his kills before they are devoured, but oh, what divine ecstasy it is, to hear the voices of such power in his head. "Hello," he breathes, and the red-eyed head curls around him also, the beast's claws digging into the cliffs to keep him out of the water, ready to strike.

The center head seems content to let itself be petted, but the golden head is much more curious. It flicks its tongue, and the tip of it strikes Will across the chest like a lash. Still, Will does not cry out in pain, because his god detests weakness.

"You are not afraid."

No, he is not afraid.

"No," he says, and then adds in a whisper that echoes the prayers of all his people, the centuries of worship that kept their tribe strong and unharmed by war, famine, plague, or any other blight. "You're beautiful."

His god purrs, and is obviously pleased. The flare of warmth in his head comes from all three of them.

The purple head blinks. "You have the ocean in your eyes," it says, and Will sucks in a breath, and stares. All three heads purr again, a fierce rumble that shakes the altar and makes Will tremble – but not with cold, not anymore.

He presses his hands to the mouth of the beast, and wants to weep with joy when its mouth parts, revealing straight, curved-back teeth like those of a wildcat, a thick, broad tongue, dripping saliva that coats his hands. He reaches in, still unafraid, and pets over his god's tongue, seeking to give him a taste.

There are frills, suddenly, around the golden head's ears and horns, that flare out and flutter like the mating display of birds, and blush a pretty pink. "You are not afraid," it says again, curious and light as music.

The red head, with its mass of tentacles, leans in, wide, flat muzzle nudging Will's flank. Its tongue flicks out, and it is not like a snake, but like a cat, barbed and searing Will's cold, water-logged flesh. It purrs when Will sighs.

Then, he stiffens, as he feels one of the tentacles flop onto the altar beside him, and wrap around a thigh, pulling him open. A second wraps around his other thigh, and a third below that, and a fourth, until Will's legs are encased in the sleek, writhing muscle. He gasps, and wonders if he will be crushed, ground down to a fine fleshy sac for his god to swallow whole.

There is a laugh, though he doesn't know which head it comes from. "Tell me," the purple head purrs, wrapping its tongue around Will's arm, sliding down until it touches his shoulder.

"What name do they call me, now?"

"Hannibal," he breathes.

His god's presence pulses with another fierce beat of warmth, like fresh blood from a kill, like the visceral high of conquering a foe, of seeing him kneel before you and beg for mercy. Hannibal, Will's god, is not a merciful one.

The golden head leans in, nudging its tentacled brother, and parts its jaws. Its teeth are like that of a snake, and jut out from laying flat, long and dripping with venom. Will sighs, and tilts his head back further, as the purple head's tongue wraps around his neck and Will is enveloped in the heat of its breath.

Venom sinks into his hips, from either side of the golden head's bite, and Will feels not pain, but suddenly, blinding pleasure; the slick heat of something divine that runs down his spine and makes him arch with a cry. Another purr, and then there is something slick and strong, pushing between his legs, parting his flesh.

It's large, but Will's body yields easily to it, high on the venom of his god, lost to the feeling on conquest and claim. He knows it is magic – perhaps pleasure makes flesh taste sweeter – but he cannot fight its effects. Does not want to.

He grips the golden head with both hands and moans as the tentacle pushes in deeper, splitting him apart, so deep he feels it coiling all through him. Up, to his throat, or perhaps that is the purple head's tongue, as it curls around his neck like a python, and the tip slides between his parted lips.

He moans again, sucking on the tongue as the tentacle breaches him, fucking in and out in smooth, powerful thrusts that would send him straight from the altar if he did not have the other heads holding him down. Each motion drives the golden head's fangs deeper into him, until Will feels pierced from either side of his spine.

He shivers, gagging as the tongue presses deeper, thick and hard enough to mimic a cock, splitting his throat wide so that it's a struggle to breathe. The tentacle inside him writhes, pulsing against a sensitive spot that makes him feel lit up from the inside, and he clutches at the golden head and lifts his hips to the hot breath around his cock, as he hardens and seeks pressure.

Hannibal purrs, huge and warm in his head, and he's being fucked from both ends, more tentacles falling to grip around his wrists, over his chest, brushing across his nipples and cupping his shoulders and the back of his neck. Will can't feel any part of his body that is not alive with pleasure, feeling not the cold, not the dripping ocean water falling to him like a blessing from his god, but only heat, and ecstasy, and no fear.

The golden head parts its jaws wide, releasing Will from its fangs, and he whimpers as blood spills, slick and hot, running down either side of him on the altar. The golden head licks at it, purring at the taste, and smiles wide and fanged.

"You taste divine, little one."

Then, an echo;

*Keep him.*

*Keep him forever*.

Will sobs, overwhelmed with pleasure, and spills slick and hot over his belly, running down his chest like blood. The tentacle inside him pulses, and Will feels another hot flood of venom seep into his body, and he screams around the tongue in his throat, convulsing, because he could not possibly be alive anymore. He must have died already, and this is what it's like to be taken to the final resting place, with his god of blood and sport, and be with him.

The tongue withdraws, and the tentacle too, and Will shivers at the gush of hot venom from his open body, dripping from his mouth to stain his cheeks and wet his hair. Still, he reaches, and pets over his god's savage teeth.

"Beautiful boy," Hannibal rumbles, "with oceans for eyes. I think I will keep you."

"Yes," Will sobs. "*Yes*."

Hannibal smiles, with all three heads, and then the jaws of the purple-eyed head part, and stretch wide enough to thoroughly encase Will, the altar, and sever the manacles from their moorings with a single click of his teeth. His tongue wraps around Will, and Will feels a strange sensation of weightlessness, and hears the sharp rush of the ocean as his god falls back into the water, and drags him to drown.

When he opens his eyes, he is in a room, vast, with an arching ceiling that looks as the ocean must from below. It is dark, but Will sees the shining flit of fish, of sharks, of eels and rays as they idly swim above him. In the center, the tip of the whirlpool.

He sits up, glistening with ocean water, and shivering. There is no altar – it lies in pieces around his body, crushed to dust.

He startles, when he feels a warm cloak drape across his shoulders. Hands, human hands, though they are clawed, touch him, cradling his neck and wrapping around his chest, to settle over his heart. He closes his eyes and shivers as a soft kiss is pressed to his cheek.

A voice, familiar and fond, huffs, and whispers; "Open your eyes, little one."

He obeys, and turns his head, gasping when he sees a man kneeling beside him. He is older than Will, though his face and body contain a strength and timelessness that stretch over the course of eons. His eyes are dark, amber and blood, but flash with golden hues when Will meets them.

The man smiles, and cups his face. "Welcome to your new home, my beautiful ocean-eyed boy."

"Hannibal," Will breathes, for it is not a question. He smiles, alight with joy. His body is sore, broken open, spent, leaking from his ass and mouth. He turns, to his knees, for one must always kneel before a god.

He reaches out, and touches a strong jaw, soft lips, sees savage teeth in Hannibal's smile. He could weep with happiness.

Hannibal stands, naked and unashamed, and Will bows his head, letting his hands drop. He shivers, and clings to the cloak around his shoulders, for he is cold. A hand reaches out and Will looks up, taking it, and lets himself be pulled to his feet.

"Come, this way," Hannibal whispers, and leads him towards a place that is filled with golden light. There is a fire, deep in the heart of the ocean, and in front of it sits a throne. He follows, and sighs with relief as the heat of the fire begins to touch him, warding away the chill. He drops the cloak and Hannibal cups his face, tilts his chin up, and kisses him. He tastes like salt, like blood, like everything Will imagined.

"You are mine now," Hannibal says, deep and momentous as a tidal wave. "Stay here with me. Worship me, and love me, and I will raze kingdoms to the ground in your name. I will destroy your enemies, and give you my strength and my power, and see you rise as a titan."

Will smiles, shivering, and presses himself closer. Then, he slides to his knees, and looks up at his god with nothing short of utter devotion. The man swallowed by the sea, who will one day rise up to conquer the land.

"I was named for you," he says. "Your will be done. I am yours," he whispers.

Hannibal smiles, and leans down, to cup his face, and kiss his forehead.

"My Will," he purrs, and his smile widens to show teeth of a serpent. His voices echo, again and again; *My Will. Mine. Mine.* Will shivers, and knows that when he looks up to the surface again, there will be not only oceans in his eyes, but fire, and steel.

His fingers curl, and Hannibal kisses him, and presses him down on his belly to the ground, covering him with heat and strength. Will is still so open, so wet, that he is pierced easily, and the oceans churn and echo with their love. As Hannibal licks and bites at his neck, so too do cliffs crumble and ships are swallowed. As cries and screams are forced from Will's battered lungs, so too do those on docks and ports around the world whimper with fear as the oceans rise to devour them. As Will's pleasure builds, the skies gather and split, and torrential rain begins to fall, and swamplands shift their restless weight.

As Hannibal fills him, so too do rivers flood, and lakes bubble and roar, and dams break. Will feels it all, and gives himself in worship to his god, knowing that when they rise to the surface again, much will be changed. A kingdom of their own making; the god of the sea and his loyal consort.

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